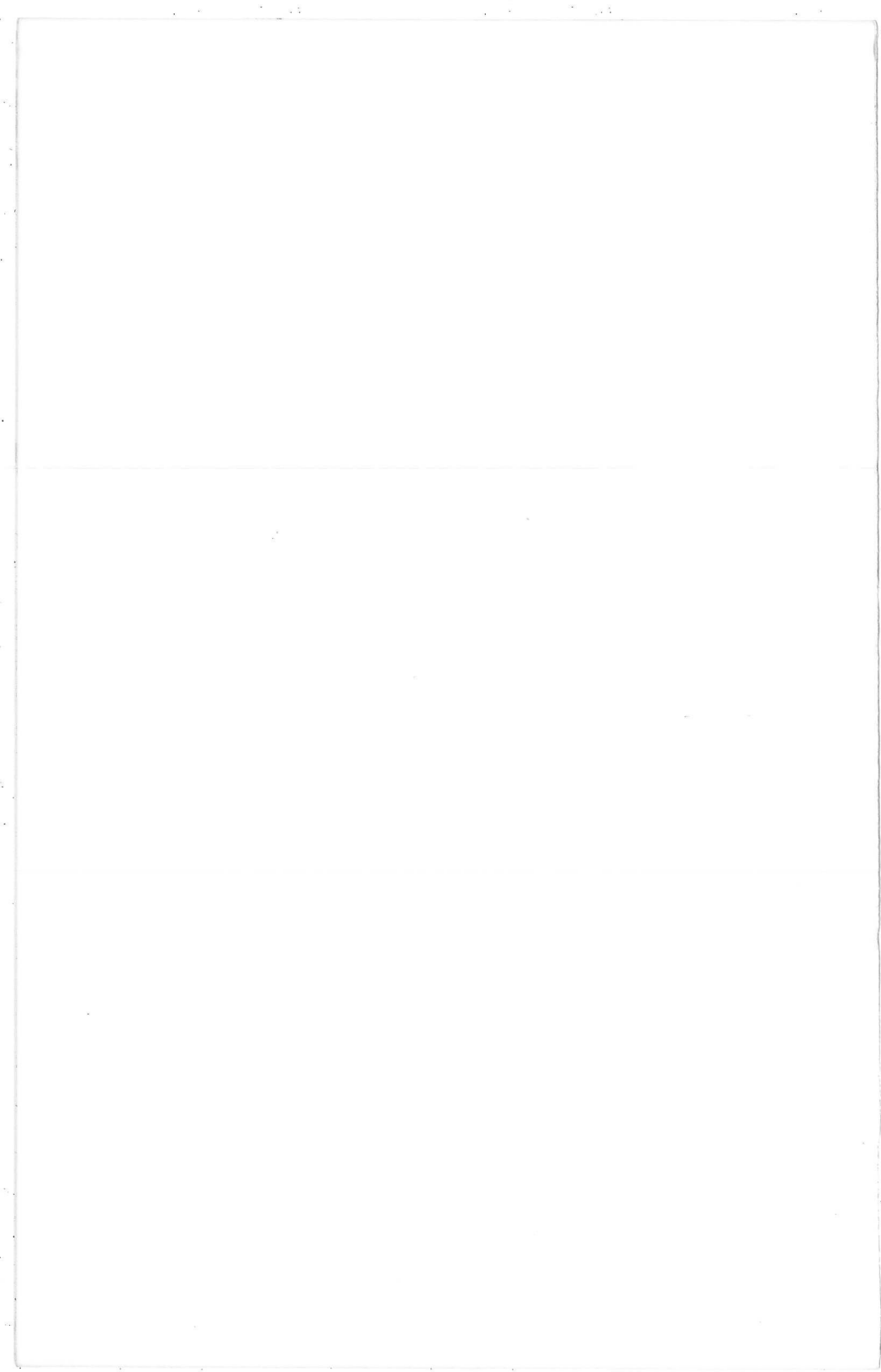


Satan's Deception



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INTRODUCTION

This book is about good and evil, not in a figurative sense, but in a literal sense. It's the life story of one person and the things that happened in his life. Names and places have been changed because they are not really important. What's to be described and talked about will convince you one way or the other in your beliefs. This is not about religion. It is about the **FACT** there is a God and the **FACT** there is a Satan. The final remarks at the end are based totally and solely on the occurrences and accounts that are written about in this book. If there are those who don't believe that God exists, that His Son exists, or that Satan exists is the main reason this book was written, and why it is called Satan's Deception. Satan, the father of lies and the master deceiver, does not want you to read this book. He does not want you to believe he exists.

SATAN'S

DECEPTION

By

A. PETERS

As I sit here at my desk, many thoughts go through my mind. It has taken seven years to get to the point where I have put my story on tape. Five years ago I sat down and wrote a rough outline with the chapter headings. Why so long? What force was trying to prevent or delay the writing of this work?

The book is dedicated to God and His Son because it was They through the Holy Spirit, Who directed me to write it in April of 1987.

FOREWORD

Since the direction to write this book in 1987, Satan has done his best to see that the task would not be accomplished. Below are just some (not a complete listing) of the occurrences which Satan caused to happen when this project was started.

I developed a severe sleep disorder in 1987-1989. It took the doctors from 1987 to around June of 1989 to properly diagnose and find the correct treatment for this medical problem. Upon completion of the testing, they told me that I was averaging about ten minutes per night of deep alpha wave activity. That meant I was getting only ten minutes of sleep each night. The end result was that to this day, I must take medications before I go to sleep and I must always use a c-pap machine to equalize the pressure in my lungs while I nap or sleep. The alternative to not using the machine is there was a good chance that I would stop breathing and my heart could stop.

In 1988 I started a new job position to head up a department that had been shut down for three years. I was to direct a staff of both management and union personnel. This assignment was considered to be top priority. I personally worked from nine to twelve hours a day, five days a week.

In January of 1989, I was relieved of all staff, and was told that I must continue the same work load on my own. After losing three staff members, the work load tripled. Around June of that year, I started to have severe chest pains. It was impossible for one person to do the work of four. So after only a brief period of time, I started to fall behind in my assignments and could not meet my expectations. I requested help but none was to be given. The chest pains became more frequent. In December of 1989 while sitting in a chair at home, I had all the symptoms and pain of a heart attack. After two and one half months of laying in bed and having numerous tests run, the doctors told me I could return to work. The amazing thing about all

this was that some of the best cardiologists in the country could not determine what had taken place on that December morning in 1989. The doctors told me that all the tests showed that there was no damage as far as my heart was concerned.

In March of 1990, I returned to work and was asked to organize my work so someone else could continue the program. On April 23, 1990, I was assigned to a position on second shift (3:00 pm to 12:00 am) As of this time four years later, I am still on this shift doing the same job. It is very difficult for me to work this shift because it is sometimes two or three a.m. in the morning before I can fall asleep.

I feel it important here to tell you what else was going on in my life since the direction to write this book. My wife, Paula had developed an illness that the doctors could not diagnose. This started in the latter part of 1987 and continued until her death on June 9, 1993. This illness was very painful to her and as you can imagine weighed heavily on my mind.

During the summer of 1989, my wife was involved in a serious car accident. She was to be in severe pain for almost a year and a half before the orthopedic surgeon who had examined her at the time of the accident sent her off to have special testing done at another hospital. The results of the test showed that her arm had been torn from the arm socket during the crash. There was severe damage to the rotator cuff. In 1991 my wife was admitted to the hospital and micro-surgery was performed to repair the torn cuff and other damage. However, she never recovered complete use of her arm. By the time of her death, she had lost 60% use of the arm and had arthritis in that shoulder.

In June of 1992, Paula found a small lump in her left breast. She went to the doctor who sent her the same day for an X-ray. The same week she had a biopsy of the area done. The results came back as cancer. A few days later she had her left breast removed. She then went through six months of chemo-therapy. She had her last treatment on the second Monday of January, 1993.

After the pain had subsided to some extent, Paula noticed that she was having what she thought was gall bladder attacks. In February of 1993, she went to her family doctor who ran a series of tests and had her see a specialist that dealt in this area. This was in the last part of February. The specialist ran extensive testing to be sure that the gall bladder was the problem before he could recommend that it be removed. He was in the process of writing the letter to her primary care physician with the recommendation that the gall bladder be removed when on May 4, 1993 at 7:30 pm, I received a phone call from my son that Paula was in severe pain and that her stomach was bloated out so far that she could not breath. I immediately left work. As soon as I got home and saw her condition, I called 911. She was admitted to the hospital within minutes after the call. Paula was put in intensive care that night never to return home.

The above history is extremely important because Satan did not want this book to be written. You remember

in the introduction that I said it has taken five years from the time I completed the rough outline with chapter headings to actually starting the book in January of 1994. Within that period of time there were a couple of false starts. Another problem was that I could not find anyone to do the typing and proofreading. When the Spirit of God directed me to finish the book by the end of 1994 (this was in December of 1993), God did provide that person. He has continued to guide and direct this endeavor. He has removed all the road blocks that Satan put in the way and protected everyone involved in the writing.

At this point I will stop going into other details about my family or other things that happened to delay the writing of this book. For God had directed its writing and Satan did his best to stop it. He will continue by trying to prevent people from reading it. For Satan's greatest deception is that he does not want people to believe in his existence.



CHAPTER 1

THE BEGINNING

I have sat back and reflected upon my life and the occurrences which we are going to talk about throughout this book. I ask myself, "When did it start?" As I close my eyes and let my memory take over, it takes me back to a time when I was three years old. Once a year my parents, family, and housekeeper would go on vacation. This year we went to a place in Canada on the ocean, a beautiful spot. The motel, for motels were rare in those days, sat just a few yards from the beach. It was rustic yet modern. This particular morning that I recall had started my life of the awareness of God and only of God. It is interesting how at such an early age the memory can be so vivid and

clear on just certain specific sights and sounds in time. It was a sunny day, a morning of absolute beauty. I can remember going out with my sister Joan and Louise, the housekeeper, to watch the sunrise over the ocean. It was a cloudless day. As the sun rose with fiery horns on the horizon, it's color a deep, deep orange, it looked like the ocean was on fire. I remember that so clearly. The next instance of memory was when the housekeeper Louise, at my request took me out for a walk along the beautiful beach. At that age, your perspective of things caused you to think that a hundred yard beach would seem like miles. But oh, it was so beautiful! I remember earlier warnings from my parents and Louise to not go near the water, but you know how children are. The waves were lapping on the shore. It was much like the ocean had said, "Come on in." It was so inviting. I remember Louise and I walking along the shore and the footprints that I had left in the sand. I remember the feeling of sand in my shoes and the gritty feeling it made. I remember that as we walked, I broke into a run. I don't

know how far ahead of her I was when I stopped and turned to walk into the ocean. I remember her desperate cries. "John, John, stop! Don't go into the water. Get back!" That part of Canada is known for its rip tides and currents. I don't know if the tide was coming in or going out. But I remember walking into the water. I don't remember the sensation of temperature, but I remember that when the water got to about my waist that it felt like I was being grabbed by the ankles. By this time, Louise was yelling for my parents, Nancy and John. I was John, Jr. She called frantically to Nancy and John to come and help. By that time, I had already been taken out to sea. I remember when I came back that I had gone out fifty yards, or so I was told later. The water was well over ten to twenty feet deep. As I stated earlier about being grabbed by the ankles as the undertow pulled me out, it seemed as though the whole world had changed. I remember nothing but the sensation of the warmth of the sun on my face. I was floating; it felt as though a hand was underneath me holding me

up on top of the water. How I remember that so clearly and vividly. Then, as quickly as I had been pulled out to sea, I could feel myself being drawn back to the beach. At no time had water ever washed over my face. The world had gone blank except for the feeling of the hand underneath me as it brought me back toward dry land. When I got into two or three feet of water, Louise grabbed me and pulled me out of the water, taking me into her arms. She was crying with jubilation and joy that I hadn't drowned and that all was well, and with my mother and father, took me back to my room and changed my clothes. The last words that I remember from my memory was my father, John, saying, "Don't go near the water." It wasn't until many years later that I realized what had happened. People said it was a miracle, that I should have drowned. I remember the undertow was great. There had been a number of adults that had drowned off that beach in the past. But now, I realize what happened that day. It was the hand of God that had saved my life. For what reason or purpose at that time was yet unknown.

We were living in Maine, in a town near the coast. In this book we'll call it Bangor, Maine, or was it near that city? My memory then goes back to the age of five. My parents were Catholic, and it was just at that age in my life that I would start going to church with them. I remember how marvelous it was that God's angel, a guardian angel, watched over me and protected me or so I was told. We had just moved into a house that seemed gigantic to a boy my age. It had a storage shed, a two car garage, and three stories. The house had been built just before the Civil War. I had my own bath and patio. It was a beautiful home. It had a large yard with plenty of trees, a swing and slide, totally fenced in for my protection.

The next occurrence in my life happened in that house. To get to the kitchen, you had to go down a very steep stairway. There were some thirty steps and the door was always closed at the bottom so that the heat from the kitchen and the downstairs wouldn't go upstairs making the upstairs warmer than it needed to be. I remember a fear of

those stairs, the horror, the long drop from the top to bottom. They were so steep. I had fallen on them a couple of times, but this day and all to follow were special. I would stand at the top of the stairs, then a floating sensation. I remember nothing going down the steps until I came to the bottom with my hand on the door knob of the door to the kitchen.

From that day on, as long as I lived in the house, whenever I went down those stairs, that is what would happen. It took me years of reflection to come to the realization that some power interceded on my behalf. What was it? My guardian angel or Satan's demonic power? The time before at the beach I knew in my heart that God had saved my life. Could God be involved in something as trivial as my fear of going down the stairs? There was the supernatural act of floating and I remember never touching the stairs. Was it an act of love from God or was it Satanic? This point must be made. God is all powerful. Satan mimics what God does in order to deceive you. All I knew at

that age was that there was a God and His Son Jesus, and I was told Satan would do bad things. Unlike the day on the beach, the stairway incident was a deception of Satan. There is nothing else that happened while living in that city and at that house. I lived a typical and carefree childhood. Like the other Catholic children, I believed God's angel always watched over me.

CHAPTER 2

MY SEVENTH TO SIXTEENTH YEAR

It was the summer of my seventh year when we moved some two hundred miles up the coast toward Boston. Six months earlier my younger sister, May had been born. It was at this house that things really started to happen in my life. What I want to do here is simply describe the occurrences that happened at this house to me, my mother Nancy, my younger sister May, and to my older sister Joan, from the time I was seven, to that of my sixteenth year. I can't remember the exact sequence of order in which things occurred. When I speak of things, I am talking of paranormal things that happened. I remember one morning my older sister Joan coming to me and saying "Last night I

heard someone walking, pacing back and forth on the sidewalk in front of the house.” Two or three days later I heard that same noise. It was early morning, still dark; but not too dark to see, for there was a street light in front of the house that lit the yard and the walk. I heard the sound of someone pacing back and forth on the sidewalk in front of the house, the sound that a person would make if they were wearing leather shoes with a hard heel. I looked out my window which faced the front, with some reservation. To my surprise no one was there. Throughout the eight years that we lived in the house, this happened with no regular schedule or particular time other than it happened after sunset and before sunrise.

I was so joyful about the house we lived in. It was stone, a work of art with walls three feet thick, three stories, and a full basement with storage rooms, work areas, and a garage. Each floor had at least one bathroom and there was a bathroom in the basement. Perhaps it is best that I describe the house floor by floor. In the basement there

was one large, double size garage door. It was the only side that was open at ground level. Everything else was well below ground. As you went in through that door where you could park two cars, it was open to the entire basement. On one wall there was a storage room perhaps 12 x 15 feet in size, and two other storage rooms on another wall also having the same measurements. The last room held the tank of heating fuel that was used to heat the house. A stairway led to a landing and from there more stairs that led to a door into the kitchen on the first floor. It was a large kitchen with a large butler's pantry. Off to one side of the kitchen was an entrance way or what northerners are fond of calling a mud room where we kept the refrigerator, our hats and coats and also contained storage cupboards and the back door that led to a screened-in porch. From the screened-in porch there was a long stairway of thirty steps to the driveway below. Off of the butler's pantry was connected the formal dining room and off to one side of the dining room was what they called a sunroom which had

been turned into our playroom. It was totally glassed in. That's where we kept our toys and would play without disturbing the other members of the household. From there, a door led to a terrace and patio, covered with a tarp. Opening from another part of the dining room was the double leaded glass doors that led into the foyer entrance at the front of the house. The front door was made of thick oak with leaded glass windows. From the foyer you entered through another set of double doors into the living room which contained a fireplace. Off the foyer, there was a set of stairs leading to a landing, then another set of stairs which took you to the second floor. Immediately to the left was a bedroom. Straight ahead at the top of the stairs was the master bedroom with a full bath. To the right of the stairs was a hallway with a bathroom, then my room with walk-in closets and at the end of the hallway was my younger sister May's room. As you came up the stairs to the second floor, you would then turn right and ascend another set of stairs to a landing then take yet another set of stairs to the

third floor. To the left was a bedroom. Straight ahead was a bedroom. To the right was a bath. At the end of the hall was another bedroom with a large cedar storage closet which through the years used to be one of my favorite places to play. The description of the house in its detail is important because here I spent some of the most joyous days of my life and some of the most frightening. It was here that I learned more about God and Satan. I learned more about fear, total, absolute fear. This was to be my initiation into the supernatural and to more of Satan's deceptions.

The second of many occurrences to happen took place early one morning. I stood in the kitchen and opened the cupboard doors and then said jokingly, "Okay, you can close it now," and the cupboard doors would close one by one as I pointed to them in turn. Many times in the nights to follow, I would wake to the sound of someone coming up the stairs, for often my Dad would go down in the middle of the night to the kitchen for what he called a midnight snack, then go back to bed and sleep. At first I would never move

from my bed because I believed that it was just simply Dad coming up from the kitchen. I don't know at what age it was, perhaps eleven or twelve, but one night I awoke from a deep, sound sleep. It was like turning on a light switch and there I was, fully awake, the sound of cupboard doors opening and closing in the kitchen. Thinking it was Dad, I thought I would get up and give him a hug when he came back upstairs. So I got out of bed, walked over to the hand-rail which overlooked the first set of stairs coming from the first floor to the second. The door was closed but the kitchen light was on. I could see light coming from the crack under the door. Then, the light shut off and the door opened. I anticipated my dad coming from the kitchen, but found to my horror that there was no one there. I heard footsteps coming up the wooden stairs. I could hear them coming up the stairs even though they were carpeted because some of the stairs would creak. The house was forty years old. It was a stoutly built house. Not many of the stairs squeaked but it sounded as though a heavy person was ascending. I

listened in terror as the noise of the footsteps ascended the stairs. After the first landing, again the footsteps continued up the second set of stairs to the second floor. But, there was no one there. It was the habit of my Dad to always leave a light on at the foot of each landing and the top of the stairs of each floor every night. I went back into my room which faced the stairway and peeked around the wall of my opened door to hear the footsteps ascending the first set of steps to the landing to the third floor, then on the last set of steps before you reach the third floor going into one of the two bedrooms, on the wall, I saw the shadow of a man wearing a hat ascending the last ten steps. I went to my bed and buried my head under the covers. After what seemed like an eternity, I finally fell back to sleep. I must state here that this particular occurrence could have happened later than my eleventh or twelfth year of age, but it happened, and upon reflection I can remember that some months before I had heard the walking in the kitchen, saw the lights on, the door closed, and heard cupboards open-

ing and closing. I had just made the assumption that it was my Dad.

This is what happened in my thirteenth or fourteenth year. May must have been six or seven years old. She woke up during the night hollering and crying. I rushed into her room before my parents were up to comfort her. I asked why she was crying? Why was she scared? She said there was a face floating over her bed. It terrified her. From this night until we moved from that house, she would tell me that with no set schedule or frequency this face would appear. Each time it would come closer and closer. She wouldn't talk about anything else that happened, if he talked or not, but only what she had seen. It was a horrible face, an old man with long, hair and a beard. May told me that it was like a cloud but with almost sharp features and was transparent. She could see the wall and ceiling through it. At that time she kept a night light on so the room would not be in total darkness. She would shut up and say no more. She kept her feelings to herself. After this all started to

happen, she always went to bed with the lamp on not just a night light. She slept that way the entire time we lived in this house, which was from the summer of my seventh year to that of my sixteenth. This has scared her throughout her life. This experience and other things that happened at this house can only be described as supernatural, (suggestive of ghosts, demons, or other agents unconstrained by natural law.)

I found that my Dad had a fear of burglars. It was because of the profession he was in, which I will not mention. Each night he would put down all the shades in the house; it had over thirty windows. He had two bolt and chain locks on both the front and back doors and one on the kitchen door that led to the basement. On many a morning I would wake to find the shades up, the doors unlocked and open, with my parents still asleep. My mother would relate the same story to me as we would talk. Often she would get up in the morning and find the shades up, doors unlocked, and the back door open as well.

One time I remember hearing a car going down the driveway and a car door closing. The sound of footsteps could be heard coming up the back wooden steps to the screened-in porch. I would go to the back door to let whoever it was in to find that no one was there. This was heard by all the members of the household except for Dad. Many guests that stayed at the house also heard this.

At night I could not go down into the basement. I would feel the hair standing up on the back of my neck as I did that night I saw the shadow of a man walking up the steps to the third floor. I felt the same way going into any of the storage rooms in the basement, even during the day. The temperature was much colder than that of the basement itself. It was just a cold fear. Then one night, I went downstairs against my better judgment. There were lights on the landing and throughout the basement. My task this night was to take some trash to the incinerator to be burned. As I went down the stairs, I started to feel a cold chill and the feeling of fear. As I progressed down the stairs, the

lights behind me went out one at a time. The lights did not go out in the ceiling of the basement as I walked over to the incinerator to put in the trash. But, as I started walking from the incinerator back to the stairs, the lights behind me would go out one at a time. I looked up at the stairway and the lights were not on. I made a dash for the garage door, unlocking and flinging it open as fast as I could. The feeling that as soon as it was closed, whatever was in the basement stayed there and I was safe.

There were many times when I would come running up the stairs from the basement out of breath with the feeling that something was chasing me. As soon as I came through the basement door into the kitchen, I locked the door shut, believing that the “thing” in the basement was secure. I found out later that a man had died in this house shortly after it was built. I had a distinct feeling that there were two separate things going on here. I presumed the shadow I saw was the ghost of the person who had died in the house. Was he murdered or just died? My memory

does not make that clear. What lived in the basement was something of a hellish nature. Parapsychologists and those who believe in the existence of ghosts (the disembodied spirits of a dead person, supposedly able to manifest itself to the living in various ways) and demons (an evil spirit or spiritual creature from Satan), for at this time I myself was unsure of the existence of either, would say that there were definitely demons in the basement and it was a ghost in the kitchen and upper levels of the house that would travel from the first floor to the third and stayed in a closet in Joan's room when not roaming the house. The same cold chill of fear would overtake me with those occurrences in the house and those that happened in the basement. A point to remember is that the majority of incidences occurred between sunset and sunrise.

Another occurrence that was related to me by my mother happened a year before we moved. She was sitting in the bedroom looking toward her dresser. Without warning, the mirror, which weighed twenty pounds or more,

lifted itself off the wall, up and over all of the perfumes, bottles, and pictures that were on the dresser, and crashed to the floor.

There were two other things that happened to me while living there that also must be told. One night I awoke from a dead sleep to instant wakefulness. As I looked from side to side the things that were normally at eye level were now below me. I came to the realization that my bed was floating in the air with me in it. This had happened only that one time. There was no fear, just the simple fact that I found myself floating in the air. Then it gently floated back to the floor. On three or four occasions I remember being in my room with the shades down. Waking in the night, I would sit up in bed fully awake, the street light shining on the shades and seeing a dog the size of a large poodle sitting there on my radiator by the windows. It would stay but just what seemed to be a minute or so and then disappear.

It was at this house that I, in my fifteenth and sixteenth year, started getting interested in psychic phenom-

ena (unexplainable events with reference to present knowledge or scientific theory). My sister Joan had joined a group of spiritualists and would read their literature to me. She had friends visit who belonged to that group and would tell me stories about the other side, what happened when people died and other stories related by Edgar Casey on matters of the supernatural. I started to believe, when I was fifteen, that two things had to be a certainty. One, I was either totally insane or, two, that these things were really happening and not a figment of my imagination. For more than one person saw or heard the same things that I did at different times. My Dad, during his entire life, never experienced any phenomena. He never heard or saw anything. He once told me that he did not believe in such things and perhaps this is what kept him from having the experiences, or was it because he had asked God into his life when he was young? But for me, my two sisters, my mother, the guests that stayed at the house, and friends who were visiting when these occurrences would happen, it was all very real.

The last thing to mention about this particular house is that if you were to differentiate between demons and ghosts, the demons would stop at the garage door or the top stair to the kitchen for they existed only in the basement but the phenomenon of the ghost seemed always to be in the kitchen or on its way to the top floor. I still remember that fear, the feeling of the hair standing up on the back of my neck whenever I would ascend the stairs to the third floor or go to the basement at night. They were waiting for me.

CHAPTER 3

THE OLD HOUSE

I was sixteen when we moved from Maine to a home built before the Civil War, some miles from Boston. The house in Bearington was also beautiful. It was long and tall, typical of the houses built during that period. The ceilings in the pantry off the kitchen were only 5 1/2 feet tall and on the few occasions I had to enter that room to get something, I remember always having to bend down. The ceilings in the rest of the house off the kitchen were typical. The first and second floor had eight foot ceilings as I remember.

I feel a more detailed description of this house is in order. The basement had a dirt floor. It contained the fur-

nace, plumbing, and electrical wiring that controlled the heat, water, and electricity in the house. From the kitchen there was a back door to a porch, a sort of mud room, and if you went right on the porch there was a door to the barn. Coming out of the kitchen into the house was the dining room. Turning left through an opening about the size of a double door was the living room. A long set of stairs lead to the second floor. On the right was my sister Joan's room. Straight ahead was the only bathroom. It had steps that lead through a closed door back to a bedroom. This apparently served at one time as the slave's or maid's quarters for it was set aside from the rest of the house to the back. It had stairs (very tight and small stairs) leading from there to the kitchen below. To the immediate left was my room. A hallway to the left of the stairway lead you to the master bedroom and guest room. There was not much occurring there at this time in my life in the way of supernatural phenomenon, ghosts or demons. But, there are a couple of things of note. Often in the living room one would

hear the sound of footsteps going up the stairway, walking past my room down the hall to the master bedroom. There you could hear what sounded like a person pacing back and forth, back and forth. It was spooky during the day. The master bedroom would have the distinct odor of perfume but it was not like anything my mother or sisters used. The room off the bathroom in the back of the house was not a place to go after sunset. For the same feeling of fear and horror that I felt in Maine was there. The hair standing up on the back of your head. These phenomena were smelled and heard by more persons than just myself.

Another thing of note that happened at the house occurred one day when my sister Joan went into my room. She and I always got along well but we had the typical rivalry between younger brother and older sister. She was three years older. One thing that used to bother me was Joan going into my room to watch television. Being a typical sixteen year old, I considered the territory forbidden to anyone but myself. It was sacred. Nothing in the room

was to be touched, moved, or cleaned without permission. I remember telling her on a number of occasions before this incident happened, not to go into my room and watch my television. One afternoon she went in while I was downstairs. She turned on the television to watch it. As I heard the television on upstairs, I knew that again my sister had trespassed my private domain. I went upstairs to ask her to leave the room and go watch television somewhere else, for we had more than one television. She refused to go. I remember the frustration this caused. As I sat there on the bed with her I heard and saw the channels on the television change by themselves. After it went through five or six channels, it shut itself off. My sister, believing in psychic phenomena, as did I, said she would never come into my room again, period! I thought it was no more than an extension of my desire or psychokinesis (the ability to move objects with one's thoughts) as I would later understand it to be; that it was my subconscious will to turn the channels and shut off the television. I know now it was the presence

in the house. This didn't upset me because there was never a feeling of fear except for the back room.

Joan related to me something else that happened to her while in that house. This took place in the late evening. She and a friend were playing with a ouija board. I did not understand its function or purpose even though I was seventeen at the time. I can remember her telling me she used it frequently. She and her friend would ask it questions. One time it started to move typically as it would with their fingertips lightly on the pad. Then the pad left their hands, shooting out from under their fingers. With their hands off, the pad continued to move by itself and pointed to the letters DEATH. From that day on she never again touched the ouija board. Neither did I ever want to be around someone that did. That has stayed with me my entire life.

CHAPTER 4

THE STUDY

My first recollection of playing with what I now know to be the powers of darkness was in the first grade.

One day (and many, many days to follow), while on my way to school I would look up at a bright clear blue sky. I can remember the warm breeze blowing against my face. It felt so good, the sun hitting my body, the warmth, the birds singing, the smell of spring. I used to make a joke of it. It was a game for me to command out of a clear blue sky a cloud to appear and like magic there would be a cloud in the sky where I wanted it to be. Then after getting tired of making two or three clouds, I would tell them to all go away and they would. It all seemed so innocent, but this is where

the saga of Satan's deception really began.

A simple child, knowing only what my parents and teachers told me to be right or wrong. Playing with the other children, just enjoying life. From there it went to, as we mentioned earlier, to playing with the cabinet doors in the kitchen. I would open the cabinets, one by one. Playfully, I would tell the cabinets to close one by one. And as I did, one by one the cabinets would close themselves. This certainly was more intense than making clouds appear and disappear. But again, it seemed so much like play.

The experiences happening to me as I was growing in age, living in different houses, the phenomena that happened created such a consuming interest. I would think back about the clouds and the cabinets and say, "Well, was that just something every human being has the power to do, or was it something different?" At this point I decided to find out. For seven years I actively pursued and studied para-normal phenomena. For those of you who are not familiar with this term, the word para-psychology originally

came from Dr. J. B. Ryan who at the time headed a research team at Duke University in North Carolina. Dr. Ryan became famous for his work with cards, (the cards had circles, squares, triangles, or different shapes and colors). He would have a person sitting on one side of a table and someone who was considered sensitive sitting on the other side. He or she would then concentrate very hard on a card the person on the opposite side of the table was looking at to see if they could tell what the symbol or color was. Originally, para-psychology was the study of psychic abilities such as I just described and what was known as psychokinesis or the ability to move objects with thought. This was the original research done by Dr. Ryan that made him not only famous but opened up a new era of scientific thought. Later, everything was included by the news media. Whenever they talked of Dr. Ryan (with whom I had only a brief opportunity to study), para-psychology took on the larger realm of all para-normal phenomena, not just psychokinesis or psychic abilities, but anything that had to

do with the supernatural.

As I stated earlier, it was overwhelming, something I could not put out of my mind. I could not control the power; a power was controlling me. The door had been opened and I was sucked through into the world of the supernatural or whatever was on the other side of the door. During the years before I began to study and afterward, Satan had made things seem so simple, so innocent. Playing with clouds, closing cabinet doors, seeing and hearing things of the supernatural. It was like turning a little boy or girl loose in a candy store and saying, "Have anything that you want and it doesn't cost anything."

Getting back to the subject, the first part of my study involved a process or philosophy known as Line mind control. At the time I took it in Boston, that was the name of the class. You were taught to hypnotize yourself and go to a lower mental state. (I will not get into an explanation of alpha and beta waves or other brain wave levels.) The idea of Line mind control was to get into a REM (Rapid Eye

Movement) state which is one of the deeper levels of brain activity. You would then create a laboratory and from there you would have the ability to do many things. What comes most to my mind was the ability to heal others. You would be able to tell what was wrong with another individual physically. To be able to touch that person and cure the person of that ailment some of the time. To me it seemed totally harmless. At first I didn't believe that it could be done but by the end of the course, I found it possible to do just that. At one particular class that I went to, I remember saying to myself, "Well, I'm in my lab," as they called it, in which state I would be able to do different things, whether it be physical healing, astral projection, (the spirit or consciousness leaving the body), out of body experience or something else. I remember thinking to myself, "Well, I'm going to turn off all the lights on this level of the building." We were in a hotel at the time, with three or four levels. I remember closing my eyes while in my lab and the lights going off. In the physical world the lights went off. They came back on when

I said they could come back on. This totally amazed me and fed my hunger and thirst for more knowledge in the understanding of what the mind was capable. Line mind control made no claims of being satanic or religious in any way. They said it was simply tapping into the 90% of the brain that scientists say we don't use. That was what we were supposed to be doing, using that part of our mind. Again, it seemed perfectly harmless.

Another time, I spent the better part of a year with an individual we'll call Mrs. Johnson. She was a psychic by definition and profession. She had the ability to tell the future or look into the past of an individual. She was a very loving woman. By that I mean she cared for people. She would take in homeless people and feed them. She would give them clothes and money as she was able, helping people less fortunate than herself. She was a totally selfless individual, a rare person indeed.

The purpose of Mrs. Johnson's and my study was to delve into what the mind is capable of. In this case, being

able to go into the future or back into the past. Mrs. Johnson was able to, with my assistance, go into a hypnotic trance and from there go backward and forward in time. I would do the same thing, using the technic that I had learned through the Line mind control process.

After she was hypnotized, I would have her concentrate on a specific year or event in history. Sometimes she would end up in a different place or time not intended. I would then ask her questions about the time, place, events going on, what she saw (asking for detailed descriptions), who she was in this place, what language was spoken, and to speak in that language, etc. All this information was tape recorded. At the end of a session, I would ask her to write down what was on the tape and then go to the library and research everything written down. This way we could verify if it was factual information or fantasy. If it was factual, then we knew that she had actually been there. I would do the same thing on other occasions and she would ask the questions. That is the process we used. The theory was that if

we could go into the past and the information checked out, we then theorized that if one of us went into the future, that what took place could also be true.

One time I ended up in Salem, Massachusetts, during the witch trials. It was a strange feeling, indeed. I could see, talk, feel emotions, etc. In this place I was the judge presiding over the trials. I remember asking people questions and the odd looks and comments I received. I could speak in the language of that time. It was a sunny day, and the dust on the road would rise up into the air when a horse or carriage went by. I could feel the roughness of my clothes against my skin. After having given Mrs. Johnson all the answers to her questions, I came out of the trance state back to reality in the room we were using.

The three things I remember to this day so vividly was the feeling of hate and fear that permeated the air. The curse that the person put on me (the judge) while she was being tied to the stake just before she was burned, and the fact that all the information I had given Mrs. Johnson

on the tape, turned out to be factual according to records researched for that time period.

It was in fact after this session I stopped doing the research work I had started in this area. The experience had been so real. I felt that I might have stumbled on to something that was better left alone. (I believe these experiences were something that were totally of the occult world.) We then burned all the research data so that no one else could get involved.

On another occasion, my younger sister, myself, and my mother went to a castle in Vermont that was reputed to be haunted. As we pulled into the parking lot some hundred feet from the house, the negativity was so strong that my younger sister was unable to get out of the car and said that she did not want to go into the castle, which she did not do. My mother and I then went toward the castle to take the tour. The negativity was so unreal, so indescribable. As soon as you got near the house, you could feel the hair wanting to stand up on the back of your head; you

could feel terror. There was something there that was not of this physical world. As we took the tour of the castle, in each room that you went, you could feel the cold, which is typical of psychic phenomena or the presence of a non-human entity. They took us into one room where they said that someone had been murdered in the room above. There were bloodstains on the ceiling. If I recall, it was in the dining room or one of the great rooms. I'm not sure, and again it really does not matter. They told us that they had replaced the complete upstairs floor and the downstairs ceiling, but the stain would continue to return. There was at least one other area in the house that had a similar phenomena except this was on the wallpaper itself. The image of a person would appear. They would change the wallpaper. They would tear out the wallboard and put a complete new wall in and it would still reappear. At this point in time, I had studied enough about the occult to know that what was going on in the castle was supernatural. Before completing the tour, I simply turned to my mother and said, "The

negativity is just too strong in here; the presence is so great that I can't stand to be here." So we both left.

As a para-psychologist (a person who studies all para-normal phenomena) my job was not only to research different places, to experience the things that went on at these locations, but it was also to study the entire realm of psychic phenomena, the occult, to review the philosophical and religious beliefs of the world to see if somewhere there was a tie, something that would link all these experiences that occurred in the houses while growing up, that would tie the experiences in other forms that manifested physically as I continued in my quest for knowledge. One of the things that I did and spent much time doing was the study of psychics. I lived in a town near Boston, Massachusetts. In any city the size of Boston there is usually more than ample opportunity, if you went through the yellow pages of a phone book, to find palm readers, tarot card readers, psychics, et cetera. There were hundreds in the city from which you could pick and choose. Every year

they had a special occasion when they would all get together, at least those that claimed to be honest, the ones that took the occult and their professions seriously. From this meeting I got the names of individuals for my research.

One of the psychics that I studied was Mrs. Brown. This was a very lovely lady, kind, soft-spoken, very generous. Of all the psychics that I had studied, she had been reputed to be the best. I visited Mrs. Brown back in the late 60's and early 70's. Psychics, for those who are unfamiliar, have what they call helpers. Some call them spirits; some call them guides. They give them different names but it's through these entities that the psychics communicate just like you or I would carry on a conversation with another person. I can remember going to Mrs. Brown's thinking, with much skepticism, that this is just part of my study. On one occasion she described things that would not happen to me for almost six years. She described exactly where I would be working. She described my future wife in exact detail. She described things in my life that

absolutely no one would have any way of knowing. I was a complete stranger. No possible way of fakery. No way of doing research. You simply called on the phone; you did not give a name, you did not give a number. She gave you a time and a place for the appointment or reading. You would show up there and she would take something of yours, a ring or a watch. Something physical that you wore all the time or a good part of the time. From that she would pick up vibrations and go into a trance state and give you a "reading". After two or three sessions I realized that this person through whatever power, was certainly for real. As I said earlier, there was no way that any of this could be faked or known beforehand. The last time that I went to Mrs. Brown was with my mother. I had my reading done first. After my reading was completed, it was time for my mother to have her reading done. She went into the room and sat down. Mrs. Brown said, "I can tell you nothing; everything is black. After Mrs. Brown told her that she saw nothing but complete darkness, she asked that my mother

leave and not come back again. Mrs. Brown told me later that on one particular occasion someone came for a reading. The same thing had happened. The person, a man, I believe, came in, sat down and gave her a piece of his jewelry, his watch. Again, she saw nothing but total darkness. She said, "I'm sorry, but I don't see anything but darkness for you. I cannot give you a reading. Here is your money, please leave". He left the building, walked down to the street, and while crossing was hit by a car and suffered fatal injuries. The point being simply that Mrs. Brown had the ability to see these things. If a person was going to pass away, she did not know when; she had no idea of the time frame other than it would happen. In my mother's case it was six years later.

In my study of psychics, there is one other psychic that bears mentioning. We will call her Mrs. Smith. She was an astrologer. This was her claim to fame. Having spent almost a year in Boston studying many different supposed psychics and card readers, people that could fore-

tell the future, I ended up with a handful of three or four that, in fact, after visiting them were truly capable of doing exactly what they claimed they could do. That was to see and foretell future events. That would, in fact, happen.

Getting back to the one individual who was called Mrs. Smith. She was an astrologer, and for those who are unfamiliar with the term, I will explain it. An astrologer is an individual who will take your birth date and the time of your birth and from that information create an astrological chart. Through the interpretation of this chart after it is made, they supposedly are able to tell you things, both past, present, and future. Again, there was no way of fakery. You simply called; no name is given. You give the person the hour of birth (that is usually on the birth certificate) and the date of birth. They give you a time to show up for your reading. That is the end of the conversation. You show up at the appointed time and place for your reading. I had gone through this procedure and went to Mrs. Smith's house for my reading. She laid out the chart. We spent two hours

together. The thing that is meaningful here is, as with Mrs. Brown, there was no way of knowing the individual and no way of doing research. She was 100% correct on past things that had happened in my life and present things that were going on at that time, and upon reflecting some fifteen years later, she was 100% accurate on things she predicted that were going to happen to me in the future.

One thing that I want to state, and this is important, is that the psychics who use this person on the other side as they call it that gives them the information, all other people that deal in the occult, whether it be the tarot card reader, the palm reader, astrologer, et cetera, they all use psychic ability. They focus it in different ways. What I am trying to say here is that the information does not come from the source, be it the astrological chart, the palm of your hand, the ring or watch that you give the psychic so that she or he can give you the information. In the cases that I have mentioned here, Satan was the source of all information. There are no "psychics" that receive their information from God!

By this time, just like feeding more wood to the fire, my thirst for knowledge was all consuming. I took a year out of my life and went to the Boston Public Library and picked up every book that I could on every subject that I could think of from Egyptology to pyramidology to psychics and so on. I read the entire works of Alice Bailey who is the founder of the spiritualist movement. I read the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad, the Vedas. I want you to know that we're talking in some cases encyclopedic length volumes. We're not just talking about a single book. I never had read the Bible, which was interesting on reflection. But I had read every work of every other major religion or philosophy that was known to man at that time.

At this time in my life, I had studied so much and experienced so much that I wanted to take an active part, a participant. Like driving a car, you can watch others do it, you can read the owner's manual, you can read the state driver's manual but until you actually get behind the wheel of a car, turn on the ignition, take off the parking brake, put

it in drive and start driving you can't truly experience what driving a vehicle is like. Because of all the things that had happened in my life, all the things I had seen, all the material that I had read and studied, the next obvious step for me was to get into the actual participation of the occult, of psychic phenomena, the holding of seances, to participate in the activities of the spiritualist, to get into the different forms of yoga which I had learned about. The point simply being that now because of what had happened to me, what I had read and learned, I now wanted to be a part of this world. I wanted to feel the experiences myself, not be the passenger in the car, but actually be the driver of the car.

I remember holding a seance in the house near Boston. A lot of people scoff and say, "Well, seances, they've watched television or gone to the theatre and saw the movies where people move the wires, the tables rock, and voices are heard. This is only Hollywood magic." In the real world of the occult there is no trickery. I will cite one seance that I held with two other friends. It took place during the day-

time in the basement of one of the houses in which I had lived. We sat around a table and held hands. We went through the procedure. I will not speak it here because it is of Satan. And one purpose of this book is to relate how simply Satan involves people in the satanic world, how once the door is open, it cannot be closed except through God's power. We'll talk more about this later. Getting back to this particular seance. It was a beautiful sunny day. We were sitting at a table downstairs in the family room. It was above ground and as I said before, I'm not going to get into the practices, the things that are said in order to start or make a seance happen if you are so gifted. Please do not misunderstand the word gifted. It is not a gift. It is the worst thing that could happen to an individual, a curse. We were all sitting there holding hands to form a common bond and I was invoking a spirit, any spirit, like the cloud and the doors in the kitchen, it was something that was fun; a light-hearted activity. So being the channel, as it is called when you have a seance, I was invoking any spirit that was will-

ing to come and participate in the seance. After about ten minutes, the room got discernibly colder. We are talking anywhere from ten to twenty degrees colder. The room was perfectly warm and normal one instant and the next it is noticeably colder. The spirit came in. What I mean by the spirit coming in, is in your mind's eye you could actually see the form of a person and they would talk to you just like any two friends talking to each other. The spirit asked me why I had called it there. I said I just wanted to talk to any spirit that would want to get involved in the seance, that we had some simple questions to ask and wanted answers and felt this was the best way to do it. At this point, the spirit became very, very angry. It scolded me for bothering it, for summoning it for no real purpose. (Because in the occult and in satanism, you summon demons. In reality, this is exactly what this was. It was not a spirit; it was a demon of Satan.) "Why did you bother me? Why did you call me? Why did you invoke me to this place?" At this time, the table around which we were sitting and holding

hands began to move violently. By moving violently, I am not talking just slight vibrations to the table or the table moving a half inch or quarter inch. The table lifted some six to eight inches off the floor and literally moved left to right with a rocking motion. Finally, the spirit settled down and said, "Don't bother me again," and went away. My friends were very scared. I was, to be quite honest, very unsettled. At that point, I decided it would be the first and the last seance that I would hold or participate in. If anyone practices any kind of occult or witchcraft rituals whether knowingly or involuntarily, (remember what happened to my sister when she used the ouija board) the door is opened to the supernatural and is passed on from one generation to the next. "Yet he does not leave the guilty unpunished; he punishes the children for the sin of the fathers to the third and fourth generation." Numbers 14:18, (NIV) Only God has the power to protect you from what has been opened.

To study the spiritualist movement, I had found through a friend in Boston the name of a minister and his

church, the location of which will not be given. I made a phone call to the minister and he invited me for services. When I arrived, we went into his office and sat down. All of a sudden he started telling me things about myself. He did not have my real name; I gave him a fictitious one over the phone when making the appointment. He did not know my age. He had no information about me whatsoever. He asked for the ring I had been wearing since high school. He took this ring and held it. From there he started telling me detailed things about my life. He told me that I was very much attuned to the occult and to the spiritualist world. That evening, I went to the meeting they had; it was a normal church service for them. There the minister would stand up and prophesy to a particular individual something that was to happen or had happened. Where there was a message from the other side from some individual to a person that was in this group, "not to worry that everything was fine". This is how the meeting proceeded. It lasted for about an hour. At the end of that, he said, "Well, next week

we will meet in Boston.” The minister invited me to participate with this very select group in studying spiritualism. He gave me the name of the street, the apartment number, and the time to be there. When I arrived, there were six to eight people present. The purpose of this group was to teach those persons whom this individual felt had the ability or power to be a spiritual leader or so I was told. I remember going four times. We would start by reading from a special book. Then we would sit in a circle. (I will not get into detail because this is opening the door to the satanic world and that is something that God does not want to happen and is one of the reasons for this book.) People would visualize things. Other people would see the same things that this person saw. Having gone to this meeting three times, they asked me to participate. One person said to me, “Let’s see what you see.” So I went through the process that they had taught me. I told them what I saw. This was verified by two or three other individuals that visualized the same thing.

The fourth and last visit was really the most interesting. It was still just a game to me. I felt no danger nor did I feel uncomfortable in any way. It was not something that I took seriously. I was there to study and evaluate. I was sitting in the class and everybody was following the procedure that had been taught. We finished the reading and I said to myself, "Well, I'm going to see what I can do with the knowledge gained to this point." So, I started projecting thoughts of objects. People were seeing the objects in the room. Everyone, in fact, not just one or two but everyone visually saw the objects or scenes which I had projected. The meeting came to a very abrupt end. I don't remember why. I started to develop a severe headache and I heard a voice telling me I was to leave the room, leave the building, and never come back. I left the building as the voice had told me to. The headache went away immediately and I never did go back. At that point I realized that it was satanic in one of the strongest forms.

The last item to discuss was my study of yoga. I

wanted to experience the feelings, abilities and powers which went along with (according to the reading I had done) the different forms. There are many schools of yoga philosophy and practice: from the most basic and physical to the most elite, (the summation and concentration of all mental power to create a purpose, to make something happen, to withdraw so completely within yourself that you would have the power to do things {a direct and intentional effort on the part of the individual}) that none of the other occult groups, outside of hard core witchcraft (white or black), satanic worship, and one form of yoga that is not mentioned in any of the books I have ever read could do.

This other yoga practice will not be named, for it is the most dangerous. It is a total mental process in which you separate yourself from all the senses, the sense of touch, of smell, of taste, of hearing, of sight, and take all of this power that you have at that given moment and concentrate it on a mantra (a group of words) with the end result being that you would have the ability to center all of

this energy to a point where you would have almost unlimited power to do anything in the physical and spiritual realms you wanted. Yoga can be a door to the occult.

CHAPTER 5

POSSESSION

In earlier chapters I talked about places in which I had lived and the occurrences that had happened in my life. I talked about the spiritualistic or satanic things that were going on and how from early childhood and the experience with the steep stairway and the other supernatural phenomena that happened which I did not ask for and seemed so innocent, to the actual manifestation of a satanic being. There was an evolving process like climbing a set of stairs that with each step, I became more involved and the power became greater. The hold becomes greater and greater. The self control over your life becomes less and less. Chapter 5 and the chapters to follow deal with the outcome of

my life due to the different studies that were discussed earlier; from spiritualism to yoga to eastern cultures, to spiritualists, to philosophy, to the study of psychics and all of the different para-normal phenomena and groups that exist. I want you to understand that everything that has occurred so far in the book was a preview, a history or background. Now we will see what all of this has done.

One day I went to an art gallery outside of Boston run by a gentleman in his mid-sixties named Frank. Frank did custom framing and had some very nice pieces of art work on display and for sale. At that time, I was still in the art business. It was very interesting because as soon as I walked in the door he could see and sense how I was feeling. He started telling me how I was feeling in a very caring way. He asked me to sit down and offered me a cup of tea or coffee or something else to drink. He said that he had been told that I was coming and was expecting me. That particular day we sat down and talked for two or three hours. Frank was gentle and soft spoken with white hair and a

beard. He was always jovial and a sense of peace radiated from his person. From my knowledge and experience to this point in time, I knew that he was a man of great spiritual power, occult power. He told me of a place I could go to live.

Three things happened that Frank on a human level had no way of knowing. First, I was somewhat perplexed. The lease was soon to be up on my apartment and I had been looking for another one that I felt was suitable for me. How did Frank, a complete stranger know that I was having a difficult time finding what I wanted? The second item was how did he know I was coming? Who or what told him? I woke up that morning with no scheduled plans. After breakfast I decided to take a ride. It was a beautiful spring day. The trees were putting out their summer leaves. The sky was a clear blue with a few white puffy clouds just floating about and the temperature was in the mid seventies with a slight sleepy breeze through the air. I was not at all familiar with the area. I was on a main road and decided to

take the first country road I found. I saw the small sign above his shop out of the corner of my eye. I went past it and had to turn around and go back in order to stop in. The last, and to me the most bizarre, was I went to the place he told me about. It was exactly what I wanted, and within the price range I had set, but that was not all. Frank lived in the apartment directly below me. We would get together almost every day and talk for two or three hours about philosophy, about life, about the particular yoga in which he was involved. He talked about spiritualism and about the occult. Frank had a large library of very old and rare books. At one time in his life he was a practising Jew who had given it up for the practice of Yoga. He and I spent many hours talking about the Kabbalan priests of the Jewish faith. I spent a lot of time reading the different books that he had in his library and could only scratch the surface. Frank had read and studied every one. He knew exactly what material each book contained.

Things that I am about to say would seem impos-

sible to most. It would seem totally unrealistic. From a scientific perspective, impossible. I remember when in high school that I was told that there was energy and matter. Today in the physics books, it is written that everything is energy. The only difference between the different stages of solidity is the speed at which electrons or atoms move. The only reason that I mention this is because he had very unusual abilities. He instructed me never to discuss them or talk about the Kabalan priesthood, but said his ability was not unusual at all in comparison to some of his friends. There was no reason for me to believe that he was not telling me the truth. Frank told me of one particular friend that one time sat down in a chair with arms on it and wasn't paying attention to what he was doing. His physical arm went right through the arm of the chair to the other side. On another occasion, he said this person in his presence absentmindedly forgot to open the door and walked through it. The person about whom he was talking, I believe, was himself. He had attained such great occult power that he

had these abilities.

Having read and studied a number of books he gave me from his library in addition to all that I had read, and having participated in various groups and studies over the years, I understood the power, the incredible, absolute and total power that a person could achieve, both in the spiritual and the physical world, I want you to know that at this point in my life I had developed the power to be of high priest status in many occult groups. I will not delve into the different powers involved. I do want to say that one should stay away from the study of the Kabalan priesthood, the occult, and all supernatural areas. With everything that I had read, learned, and practiced over the years, with the experiences that I had, including the eyes that are mentioned in Chapter 6 when I woke up one night in Barstow, Virginia. The absolute shock that overcame me when I realized the control I had as the mantra was repeated and whatever supernatural being that was present went away. I would have to say that it was totally satanic. I felt very

much controlled, not from the sense that anyone in the physical world was controlling me but I felt that there was a strong supernatural power that was controlling and guiding me, and I must stress the word controlling. I now know that it was Satan who had created the experiences and permitted the learning that finally brought me to the point of such power and knowledge of the occult and of his power.

This is a true story, as is everything that has been mentioned in this book. These events are not a figment of my imagination or someone else's. They are things that truly happened. The last week that I lived in the room in this house that I rented, I had gone to work at 5:00 in the morning to a security job and worked eight hours. Then I went to school after which I came home and spent two or three hours meditating on God and went to bed. At 1:00 in the morning I was awakened from a sound sleep. I became instantly awake and aware of my surroundings. The room was full of blinding light. The light was so bright that there was no possible way I could look at it. I had to turn

my head into the pillow and close my eyes. The pillow was against the mattress and away from the center of where the light was emanating. The light was so incredibly intense that it was almost painful to my eyes. The warmth and the feeling of love was so absolutely incredible that there are no words to describe the feeling of peace and love. Nor are there any words to describe the intensity of the light for it was brighter than the sun. I knew at that point in time that God himself had visited me in this room. It lasted for what seemed to be only seconds. It is something I certainly will never forget as long as I live. The Bible says there is only one person who has seen God. I can now understand the meaning of that. There are a lot of people in the Bible who were in the presence of God. That is exactly what happened with me. Let me just say for those who are Christian, that I did not see God but that I was in the presence of God.

One night I was over at Frank's visiting as a friend. At nine o'clock as we were sitting there talking. The tele-

phone rang. It was a girl that lived across from me at the apartment building in which I had once lived. She was terrified. She said, "I need you to come over." She knew I had studied the occult and had been into the study of spiritualists, satanic cults and so forth. "Something is happening; it has been happening to me now for weeks. It is getting more severe. I am scared and terrified." I told her that I would be over and I asked Frank if he wanted to come with me. When we got there she described dreams she had started having about three weeks earlier. In the dreams she saw this demon. It was not human. It was trying to get inside of her. Each night after it started, the dreams became progressively more realistic. On the night she called me, when we sat down and talked to her, she said that it had come to the point where she could feel something trying to get inside of her. It would grab her by the shoulders and physically lift her and shake her on the bed, trying to enter into her body. She would go to the bathroom and throw up what she described as green slime. It was at this

point she had called me. She was so frightened because she knew that as each day progressed that this demon came closer and closer, became stronger and stronger. She became weaker and less able to resist. She knew that this demon in a short period of time would eventually possess her. She asked me, "What can you do? How can you help me?" She could think of no reason why any of this should ever happen to her. We sat down and I asked her, "Have you at any time in your life been involved in the occult, psychic phenomena, the use of ouija boards, or witchcraft?" She said, "John, wait just a minute. Yes, I lived in California some years ago." This was a girl in her early to mid twenties. "I was very active in witchcraft. I have given it up for years." I said, "You've practised witchcraft; what you have done is to open the door to the supernatural world and now that you have opened it, it could not be closed. You have worshipped Satan and permitted Satan to become stronger in your life. You have, in essence, given your life to Satan to do with as he sees fit." I asked her if

she believed in God, in Jesus Christ the Son of God. She said, "Yes, I do." She sounded somewhat hesitant but the fact that she said she did believe in God and Jesus was all that was necessary for the next step. I looked at this girl and said, "There is nothing that I can do for you. But, there is one thing that you can do for yourself." I said, "If you accept that there is God the Father, that there is Jesus Christ the Son, that He died on a cross for the sins of mankind, that He was put in a vault, and was raised from the dead after three days by God the Father, and that he ascended into Heaven to be with God the Father and to sit at His right hand as the Bible speaks." I said, "If you truly believe this in your heart, and you have to believe for this to work, the next time that you are lying in bed and the demon or demons that are trying to get into your body manifest themselves, when they start physically grabbing you or trying to enter your body." She said she felt like they were trying to pass through her skin, into her entire body. "The only thing that you can do if you really believe in God and that Jesus

is the Son of God, that He was raised from the dead and ascended into heaven, is the next time you are attacked by this demon or demons is to command them to go away and never return in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth and they will go away and never return. I told her that if she needed me, if it did not work and she continued to have problems that she was to call me. I would come and pray with her again. (I then had prayer with her and we left. Frank never did say anything while he was there.) She never called me nor did I ever hear from her again.

CHAPTER 6

THE DEMON

I went to Barstow, Virginia to help my parents finish moving into their newly built house. Rumor had it that the development was built on or near an Indian burial site; but it was a beautiful home nestled in the mountains overlooking the Shenandoah Valley. This chapter deals with what happened in this house. I need to mention that the intensity of the occult experiences, of satanic visitations grew in severity and intensity. It is very important for you to remember. The more I became involved in the study of the occult and participated in different activities and groups, the stronger Satan became in my life. The house was a tri-level with three bedrooms and two baths upstairs along

with a kitchen and formal dining room. From there you went down five or six steps to the entrance way or foyer which led out to the garage and out a back door to the patio; this would be considered the ground floor. You would then go down a flight of stairs into the family room. Off the family room was the maid's quarters with it's own private bath. This area was below ground. As you went through another door off of the family room there were two other unfinished rooms that were designed for bedrooms and then one large utility room for the washer and dryer and a door that led to the outside. (This was the only room that was at ground level. All other rooms were below ground with only small windows near the ceiling to let in light.)

A door separated those two sections from the family room. It was in this house that I can honestly say that the peak of horror, the terror of what Satan can produce, what Satan is capable of, really happened. As mentioned earlier, I had been involved in a number of studies dealing with the occult, spiritualism, the Kabbalin priesthood, the study

of psychics, involvement with a number of practicing witches and the practice of what I was to understand later as a satanic form of yoga. The main thing that happened in the house was really two fold: the presence and the actual physical manifestation of a satanic demon.

It was the middle of summer. The house had central air and heat. Part of my duties in helping them settle into the new house was to arrange the air conditioning system so that the temperature throughout the three levels would be consistent, there would not be cold spots in the family room or the rooms downstairs, and there would not be hot spots in the bedrooms, bathrooms, and other rooms upstairs. I went to great lengths in making sure (by shutting off different vents and redirecting pressures in the air conditioning system) that the house's temperature was even throughout. One afternoon, when walking into my room, I could see my breath. I had a thermometer with me which I had been using to test the temperature in the different rooms of the house so that they would be equalized as I men-

tioned before. The thermostat for the air conditioning was set at 75 degrees upstairs, for no one liked a cold house. They just wanted it dehumidified and comfortable. The temperature on the thermometer in my room was 56 degrees which wasn't technically cold enough to see my breath and yet I could. The room was very cold and I felt chilled to the bone. I could not understand this so I continued to work with the air conditioning system to try to alleviate the problem, thinking that it was something that I had not done correctly or that I had overlooked. After a few minor changes in closing or partially closing some of the air conditioning vents, the room returned to normal so I gave it no further thought. For the next few days, the entire house maintained a constant temperature throughout. My bedroom downstairs was very comfortable to sleep in. Then one evening I woke up. I was cold, shivering. I could see my breath and I felt the presence of something very unnerving. The hairs on the back of my head started to stand up and a feeling of fear and dread overtook me. I immediately got

up. This was approximately one a.m. in the morning. I went into the family room and found the temperature there to be quite normal. I then proceeded into the bathroom. Again, the temperature was quite normal, about 68 degrees. I spent that night sleeping on the couch in the family room. The next night when I went to bed, the same thing happened. I must mention that it was from the time of 12:00 midnight until daylight, approximately 6:00 a.m. in the morning that most of the temperature variants happened. This continued for almost a week. Each night I would wake up with the room being extremely cold and with the feeling that something was present and watching me. I could see nothing in the room. (My room, the bathroom, and family room all had night lights.) I would just grab my blanket and a pillow and go in and lie down on the couch in the family room. After two or three weeks, the occurrences stopped. Everything seemed and appeared to be normal. I would go to bed at night. The room would be consistent with the rest of the house in temperature. It would feel comfortable

and I would sleep well. Then one night I was abruptly awakened from a dead sleep. I am a heavy sleeper, very difficult to wake up. But, I woke from a dead sleep to instant consciousness and in a cold sweat. My bedroom was freezing. As I opened my eyes, I saw two, glowing, red eyes looking straight at me. They were about eight inches away from my face. I could hear heavy breathing. I could see breath coming from the direction of the breathing and the eyes. I immediately repeated a mantra I had learned while participating in a secret yoga group and the eyes went away. After that night, I never slept in that room again but would sleep in one of the unoccupied bedrooms upstairs. Two weeks later I left the house never to return. Within six months after I left, my parents also left. They were not aware of any occurrences in the house. None of the other rooms were cold. They always maintained the temperature that I had set on the air conditioning system. None of them ever experienced any phenomena. I was the only one and only in that room.

I mention this incident in Barstow, Virginia because, having read about previous experiences, I think that you realize that from the house near Bangor, and the occurrences that were happening in the houses in which I had lived that the experiences had become stronger and stronger. To me, they became more fearsome and more frightening. (And so one of the philosophies of witchcraft is here mentioned) that I was born a sensitive to the spiritual realm and as I grew older, with the extensive studies and involvement in different occult groups, that the experiences that I had later on in life continued getting more severe, more in depth. Now I have actually seen the eyes, heard the breathing, and felt the physical presence of a living demon.

CHAPTER 7

THE BASEMENT

After the house in Virginia, my parents then moved to a town we're going to call Stone, West Virginia. It was a very beautiful town, sitting near the river. It was there that I met my wife. My wife's name was Paula. The house we lived in had two stories. Half of it was underground. I mention this because the house near Bangor, the house near Portland, the house in Bearington, Massachusetts, the house in Barstow, Virginia, and the house in Stone, West Virginia all had partial or full basements.

It was a red brick house with an attached garage. From the garage you would go into the kitchen, then into a formal dining room, then the living room. It had two baths

and three bedrooms upstairs. Off of the dining room was a door that led to a long stairway, some twenty-five steps to what you would call the basement and family room. It was one large room separated by a partial wall. One section had windows and a sliding glass door that went out to the patio and rose garden in the back. Off this large family room was where I had my bedroom. At the bottom of the steps to the right was a door that led to a utility room and two storage rooms.

Downstairs the only occurrences that happened to me that indicated any degree of satanic or occult activity was that when you went through the utility room and directly into the storage room which was under the garage. The same feeling of fear, of the hair standing up on the back of your head and the desire to get out of there as fast as possible was present as in all the other houses I had lived. There was always one room or area that seemed to be the "hot spot". That was the only room in the house in which whatever demon that lived there existed. Once you

closed the door and left, the feeling would go away. There would be a feeling of peace and everything seemed all right or so you thought. This particular phenomena has never been explained.

I stayed with my parents for just over a year. On a few nights, the door from the utility room would open by itself. The room in which I was sleeping would drop some twenty degrees in temperature. The feeling of fear that some evil force was present (it cannot be truly put into words) would come over me. I would repeat the mantra and the demon would go away. After that, I installed a blue light in the room which I would keep on all night. I must stress that it mostly happened between midnight and the morning hours, sunrise. It is believed in the occult world that a blue light is a spiritual light and that if a blue light were on that the demons, Satan's demons, could not enter the room or be in the presence of that light. It was considered a spiritual light. Every night I would go on to bed, turn on the light, and never have another experience. In truth,

the blue light had no power. It was one of Satan's deceptions to make me believe it did.

What I'm about to discuss now are the occurrences that happened to my wife, Paula, while we lived in that house. She also had the same sensitivity to the presence of that demon as I but with one difference. It made physical contact with her. As she would go down the stairs, she described the feeling of a cold hand grabbing her by the ankle at the top of the stairs and she would fall down the stairs to the bottom. This happened the first time she ever went down the stairs. There was a handrailing. She would hold on to the railing. But almost every time she would descend those stairs, she would feel a hand grab her by the ankle and she would fall. We even tried to ignore it thinking perhaps it was just what she was wearing for footwear. So we went out and purchased a pair of slippers with the soft rubber, non-skid bottoms. But that made no difference. She would still fall down the stairs. Fortunately, and not until some years later did I understand that God

intervened, that after some twelve times in the period of perhaps three weeks of this happening, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to protect her and stop this. It stopped never to happen again.

CHAPTER 8

THE NURSERY

My parents had moved to New England to retire some six months earlier and Paula was with child. We had been married about a year before she became pregnant. We moved to a town that has a fictitious name in Kentucky. We will call it Hopkinsville. There, while we lived in this new, luxurious, two bedroom apartment, Steven our son was born. By this time I had stopped all research and had separated myself from the active study of the occult and para normal phenomena. There was one interesting event that happened in this apartment which does require mentioning. It had two bedrooms upstairs with a bath and there was a living room and kitchen downstairs. We had

decided the spare bedroom would be the nursery for Steven. Shortly before he was born we decorated it as all young parents do. It had the crib, the little animals on the wall, the things hanging from the ceiling, a typical nursery. We did notice that the room was colder than the rest of the apartment but we paid no attention to it. We had lived there four to five weeks before we started hearing things in the middle of the night. We slept in the bedroom right beside the nursery. What we heard was furniture moving and someone walking in the room. You could distinctly hear the footsteps on the wood floor. We ignored it the first couple of times we heard it. We had no reason to go into the room because the nursery was set up and we were just waiting for Steven to be born. This did not happen every night (The walking and the sound of the moving of furniture.) The third time it happened, however, curiosity got the best of us. It was 2:00 a.m. in the morning. We heard the walking; we heard the furniture moving. So we both got up out of bed, turned on the hall light, went into the nursery, and turned on the nurs-

ery light. The room was extremely cold and we noticed the furniture had been moved from where we had set it. We talked about this at great length as to what was happening. She and I both had experiences prior to this and I said, "Paula, we have a demon in the house. He's living in this room." The next night, the same thing happened. We heard footsteps and furniture moving. We got up, went into the room. The room was extremely cold and again the furniture had been moved. We then made the decision that as long as the demon was staying in that one room and was not wandering the apartment nor appearing in any other room, (by appearing, I mean the sound of the footsteps or the changing in temperature or the moving of furniture, although on occasion I thought I saw a shadow on the wall), that we would simply leave it alone and when Steven was born we would move everything into our bedroom, which we did. So Steven slept in our bedroom and stayed with us. We lived there for almost a year. You could hear the footsteps at night and if you were to go into the room, you would feel the

cold and the fear. We understood it a lot better than we did in the previous house that we lived. For the most part, we just ignored it. At the end of the year when our lease was up, we moved to another house in Kentucky. We will call this town Jonestown. The house in Jonestown had four rooms. It had no bath, no running waster, no electricity. It was a very old house. The mention of this house is very brief. It had a kitchen, living room, and two bedrooms. Because the house was old and so poorly insulated, we would take a blanket and string it along the opening to the back bedroom, which was dug into the side of a hill. The only phenomena worth mentioning here is that with the blanket down on a warm day, in the evening, again after midnight, you could walk into that one bedroom and sense a presence. Paula and I knew instantly that we had a demon living in this house. The room was colder than the rest of the house for no reason. At times you could see your breath and you could feel the fear and the presence of a being that was not of this world and was certainly not from God.

After this experience, we understood what was happening. Satan was behind all the occurrences that had been going on in our lives. Paula and I thought that because we never were involved in witchcraft or satanism that he was not in control of or influencing our lives. We felt that going to psychics, reading our horoscope in the newspaper, practicing yoga, Paula playing with the ouija board and other things had nothing to do with Satan. We were wrong. It was and is one of Satan's greatest deceptions. At that point we prayed to God and his Son Jesus to intercede. We asked forgiveness for all the previous years of involvement both voluntary and involuntary. We promised God and the Lord that we would stop all reading, study and practices if He would protect us and remove the power Satan had over us. We destroyed all the items I had accumulated over the years (books, research notes, articles of art, etc.). God did His part as He always does. We never had any other supernatural experiences, visitations by demons or occult intervention in our lives again.



CHAPTER 9

THE CHURCH

We left Jonestown because I had taken another job not too many miles away. I will call it Marysville.

Everything was going well in our lives. The visitations of demons, all the supernatural experiences that up to this point in time we had encountered before we moved to Marysville had stopped. It was only a matter of weeks after we moved to Marysville that we started going to church. I felt a strong emptiness inside myself.. As I told you earlier, I had read many works but I had never read the Bible. The interesting thing that I am going to pass on is that in reading the Bible, I started off with Matthew which is the first book of the New Testament. I would get just so far and

fall asleep. This happened to me two or three times. For about a week straight I started to read the New Testament, starting with Matthew and kept falling asleep. As hard as I would try to read the New Testament, I couldn't do it. Frustrated, I sat down to remember my childhood teaching, for I had not been to church in many years. I realized I had turned completely away from God and His Son. It was time for me to be reconciled to God. I had forgotten that God was reconciling the world to himself in Christ, not counting men's sins against them. I needed to rekindle that friendship with Him which I had lost. Then a voice said to me, "Start at the book of Revelation on the very last page and read backwards." I said, "Wait a minute, this is kind of strange to start at the last page of the New Testament and read backwards. I did not question the voice and did just that and I didn't fall asleep. But let me tell you, it is a very interesting way to read the New Testament. (I had not asked Jesus into my life and to be my personal Savior. I had not yet become a Christian.) Satan had such power and con-

trol over my life that as the voice told me, I could only read backwards. Now for you that study the occult and satanism, you know that the satanic groups in their worship take the cross and hang it upside down. They say the Lord's Prayer backwards; the purpose is to mock God. Every time I tried to read from the beginning of the New Testament, I would be put to sleep. Satan was trying to discourage me from reading the Truth, from learning what I was taught as a child about God and Jesus His Son. I believe that by not permitting me to read the Bible from the beginning (because of the power he held over me) Satan felt I would be discouraged and stop trying. Remember, I wanted to be reconciled with God, not mock Him. Once I started to read it backwards from Revelations to Matthew, then I could read for hours until I was just tired of reading and put the book down to pick it up another day and continue reading. At this point I knew that the voice was from God and He was leading me from darkness to light. I had to do this twice before I could then read the Bible from the beginning, start-

ing with Matthew and reading to the end of Revelations. When a demon was present (the room got colder and I could feel its presence), I would command it to go away in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth and knowing that it would go away when that was said. This happened only two or three times at the beginning of my reading. Satan was trying to scare or distract me from learning about the Truth, but God gave me the desire to continue and the power to rid myself of the demons. That was a promise that God gave to anyone who believed in the Son of God. (Remember, the purpose of this book, as I mentioned in the introduction is to show that there is a God and there is a Satan and you have to choose. No one else can do it for you. When your physical life is over, if you chose God, then you will be rewarded; if it was Satan, then you will pay the price. That is the purpose of this book and you have to choose. It is between you and God or you and Satan.)

I was sitting in church one evening and it dawned on me that I was thirty-two years old and that unless I asked

Jesus into my life and accepted Him as the Son of God and believed in his death, resurrection, and ascension into heaven, that until I actually said, “Jesus, I want you as my personal Savior, I want you to come into my life,” that I wasn’t saved. I was not on God’s side. I still belonged to Satan because I had not made the decision, the choice, to pick between God and Satan until that night.

I must stress that if you are going to choose God, you have to ask Him into your life. Satan makes it a lot easier for you. He simply throws everything out there, the greed, the hate, the malice, the alcohol, the drugs, and many other forms of perversion. So to become part of his group you don’t have to ask him to come into your life. You already belong to him!

After that night, (for Paula had already made the choice a short time earlier) and after we had both been baptized in water, our whole lives changed. God started using us for His work.

We left that church a short time later and went to

another. We both felt this incredible need to leave and go to this other church for a specific purpose. (It is difficult to explain to someone who has not experienced a calling or has been spoken to by the Spirit of God.) At the time, neither of us knew why.

Both Paula and myself, through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, started a counseling group for teenagers, working with the minister and the youth director of this church.

It is amazing, and again one of Satan's deceptions, that a child can be brought up in a religion, any religion, (whether it be a Church of God, Catholic, Methodist, Protestant, etc., it does not matter), who is brought up in one of these religions from childhood and by the time that he reaches the end of his high school years has no idea who God is, who Jesus Christ is, and what the whole purpose of life is all about.

We stayed at this church for about two years. God worked through us, because of ourselves we can do nothing. Many of the young teenagers chose to ask Jesus into

their lives and left Satan.

One occurrence that also happened in this church was that they would tell stories of one particular classroom that was in the building attached to the church. At night, the room was cold, there was always a feeling of uneasiness, of fear that existed. Often the youth group would have all night meetings where the children would get together, sing songs, play games, watch videos, have prayer, and just fellowship. Two things happened besides the starting of the youth group through which God used us. One was the exorcism of the demon in the building attached to the church. The other one was a particular student who was a junior at the time who was having dreams, who was involved with a ouija board which we talked about earlier. As he played more with the ouija board, the dreams became more intense. He became more fixated about the occult. We had him over to the house on five or six different occasions. Again, through God's power, not ours, so I should say God had him over to the house and worked

through us for the counseling. He was finally dissuaded from using the ouija board anymore. He destroyed it. Through continued counseling and prayer, the dreams went away. He had asked God's Son into his life. Satan no longer has power over him. I want to mention, for this is a short chapter, that we were now tools of God. We had made our choice. The only way that Satan can affect us is through the physical world, which God had placed him upon after throwing him out of heaven with his rebellious angels.

CONCLUSION

It was the intent of this book that by the time you reached this section that you would have realized, if you didn't before, that there is a non-physical reality. That the occurrences and story of the writer presented sufficient evidence that the supernatural does exist. That God and His Son do exist and put an end to the deception that Satan and his demons don't exist.

The time has come for you to take sides, to make a choice. If you have studied occult books and practiced occult methods knowingly or unknowingly, you have become involved in the supernatural, by an act of will or lack of it, willingly or unwillingly.

Jeremiah 29:11 (NIV)—God said, “For I know the plans I have for you, declares the Lord, plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future. Then you will call upon me and come and pray to me, and I will listen to you. You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart.”

Deliverance from Satan's control, into which we were all born, comes through a new choice, a new act of the will (free will), renunciation of the occult and Satan. The steps are simple:

1. Realize all involvement in occult practices is sin.
2. Realize that all persons born into this world belong to Satan whether they have willingly or unwillingly become involved in the supernatural.
3. Ask Jesus Christ to be your personal Savior if you have not done so already. Ask Him to come into your life and cleanse you of all sin and set you free from all holds Satan has on you.
4. Renounce and stop all present and future involve-

ment in occult practices. (All books, ouija boards, tapes or any object that identifies with the supernatural should be destroyed. Don't throw or give them away so another individual becomes involved.)

5. Remember that once you have made the choice to choose God, Satan no longer has control of your life. All sins are forgiven and forgotten.

Command Satan and all his demon spirits to be gone in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

If you truly understand that God has given you this power it will happen.

If your faith is shaky, get a Christian well established in the faith to pray with you for deliverance.

6. Accept God's forgiveness and the power He has given you to overcome anything Satan can throw at you. All past involvement in the supernatural (occult) no longer has any influence in your life.

Once you have rebuked Satan and asked God into your life, Satan will **always** try to get you back. Grow in the

knowledge of God and His ways by reading the Bible. Becoming stronger in Him is a process of prayer and knowledge of how He wants you to live. Study His word, His ways, and His principles. The more you know the more difficult it will be for Satan to deceive you.

That pretty well sums it up. The choice is yours. I have completed the task God set and worked through me. I was only the tool that the Lord used.

FINAL REMARKS

Every book, no matter how long or short it may be should have some final comments from the writer.

This book will not be the exception.

The material that was presented happened. It is not the imagination of an unsound or distorted mind. No matter what conclusions you have come to after completing this book, remember what was stated at the beginning. Satan does NOT want you to believe in anything that was said. Satan did NOT want you to read this book. Satan does NOT want you to believe he exists. PERIOD.

Satan's greatest DECEPTION is making YOU think there is nothing real except what you can touch, smell, see,

taste, or hear. He wants you to believe only in a PHYSICAL world.

Remember the saying "Where there is smoke, there is fire"? Don't let Satan control your life. If you doubt what was written and have not asked Jesus into your life, then he has won. For he is the smoke, and you will spend eternity in the fire.

The true Author of this work (for I am only the writer) has a way out for you. YOU must decide. NO one else can do it for you. NO one else can take your place.

I have lived this book, it is real and to the others who experienced most of it with me. The final chapter has not yet been written—for I continue my life and Satan still fights to win. But the outcome is certain, for I have read the end of the Author's first work.

"And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given

**unto them over the fourth part of the earth,
to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with
death, and with the beasts of the earth.**

—Revelation 6:8. (KJV)

**But the fearful, and unbelieving, and
the abominable, and the murderers, and the
whoremongers, and the sorcerers, and
idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part
in the lake which burneth with fire and
brimstone:**

—Revelation 21:8 (KJV)

**And the devil that deceived them was
cast into the lake of fire and brimstone,
where the beast and the false prophet are
and shall be tormented day and night for
ever and ever.**

—Revelation 20:10 (KJV)

And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

—Revelation 21:6-7.(KJV)

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